

All Facial
BLEMISHES
Removed
In One
Week.



BEAUTIOLA

THE PERFECT BEAUTIFIER.

Beautiola is the only harmless preparation that completely obliterates ALL facial blemishes, traces of care, worry, illness and exposure. After a few applications of Beautiola, beauty of youth returns and age falls like a mantle from the face, leaving the skin soft, clear and velvety, not a wrinkle or blemish remains. Beautiola is endorsed by the Medical Fraternity, Chemists and Expert Dermatologists. It has made faded, but once beautiful ladies, as youthful at forty and fifty as they were at twenty, also used by men with the same wonderful results. Beautiola removes the worst cases of BROWN, LIVER SPOTS, FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, FIMPLES, WRINKLES, SCARS, SMALL POX PITTINGS and all DISFIGURING ERUPTIONS. Price 40 cents. EVERY BOX GUARANTEED.

For sale by leading druggists or sent direct to
E. R. BERRY CHEMICAL CO.,
Dept. St. Louis.

Beautiola book mailed free upon request.

FLORIDA CURIOS,
Live and stuffed alligators, sea shells,
Orange wood and palm souvenirs of
every description.

Mrs. C. N. McClure,
Opera House Building, 107 East
Government Street.

The Most Delicious Ice Cream

that ever melted in your
mouth is the kind you got
here. It is absolutely
pure and our service un-
excelled. Our

BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH
at 35 cents.

has pleased hundreds—
it will please you.

The
Kandy Kitchen Cafe
140 S. Palafox. Phone 999

A WATERMAN SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

Is a great convenience.
Carried in the vest pocket
like a pencil it is always
ready for signing checks
or other papers of im-
portance.

**Buy One Today
For Two Fifty**

To fill twist the upper
end of holder, immerse
pen in ink, twist, and
pen is filled ready for
use. Long ways ahead
of the old fashioned drop-
per method of filling.

COE'S Book Store

213 S. Palafox St.
235 Phone.

OPERA HOUSE

Saturday, April 29th

Naval Athletic Tournament

To decide Boxing and Wrestling
Championship of the

North Atlantic Fleet

6 Boxing Bouts.
2 Wrestling Bouts.

PRICES—50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Some Naval Reserve Funds

COTTRELL, Fine Photographs

Pensacola, Florida.

NEW FRUIT PRODUCED

WONDERFUL CREATION—GROWN
FROM POTATO—HAS BEEN
NAMED "POMATO."

By Associated Press.
San Francisco, April 28.—The Ex-
aminer says that Luther Burbank, of
Santa Rosa, has succeeded in produc-
ing another wonderful creation which
will come under the head of potato ex-
periments, and is known as a "potato
fruit." Briefly summarized, the evolu-
tion is a matter of planting a tuber
and gathering from the potato vine a
luscious white fruit, one that is de-
lightfully palatable and makes excel-
lent preserves.

Mr. Burbank has named the potato
fruit "pomato." When compared with
a tomato the pomato is smaller in size
and its meat is white instead of red.
It is highly flavored. In other words,
its flavor is that of a fruit rather than
a vegetable. Burbank speaks of the
creation of the pomato as resulting
from the turning of the plant life in
another direction.

"Instead of cultivating tubers we
now cultivate fruit and tubers are of
secondary consideration," he says,
"the fruit on the vine being the main
object."

Mr. Burbank has now some 1,000
varieties of potatoes with which he is
experimenting. Most of them are
high-bred seedlings of his own crea-
tion.

Do Animals Really Think.

"We so habitually impute thought to
animals that we come unconsciously to
look upon them as possessing this pow-
er," writes John Burroughs in Har-
per's Magazine. "Thus the dog seems
to think about his dinner when prompt-
ed by hunger or about his home and his
master when separated from them. The
bird seems to think about its mate, its
nest, its young, its enemies. The fox
seems to think about the bound that it
hears baying upon its track and tries
to elude it; the beaver seems to think
about its dam, the muskrat about its
house in the fall, the woodpecker about
the cell in the dozy limb which it will
need as a lodging place in the winter—
that is, all these creatures act as if
they thought. We know that under
similar conditions we think, and there-
fore we impute thought to them. But
of mental images, concepts, processes
like our own, they probably have none.
Instinct or inherited impulse, which we
call instinct, and outward stimuli ex-
plain most of the actions of the ani-
mal."

The Mygalie Tarantula.

The Mygalie tarantula sometimes
spreads over six inches square, but
more frequently four or five inches. A
shaggy coat of hair covers the surface
of the great spider. It is supplied with
six long, bony legs and two dangerous
pedipalps, or strikers, each armed with
a sharp sting and poison sac. The
striker is frequently mistaken for a
two long legs, and from this arises the
idea that the creature has stings on its
feet. Two powerful projections, re-
sembling jaws, protrude from the head.
Under each of these is a curved poison
fang, similar to a cat's claw, but longer
(exactly like those of a rattlesnake),
which may be lifted, extended and
hooked into the victim. A person thus
stung or bitten must cut the tarantula
away at once, for the spider does not
seem willing to unhook its fangs.

Armour's Extract of Beef

Gives zest to every
creation of the chaf-
ing dish. Always
ready for the refresh-
ment of the bidden
or unexpected guest.

Prepared in a great vari-
ety of tempting ways. Our
cook book, "Culinary
Wrinkles," tells how.
Mailed free.

Armour & Company Chicago

CONFEDERATES GUESTS OF G. A. R.

FOUR HUNDRED SOUTHERN SOL-
DIERS TO BE ENTERTAINED
BY THEIR FORMER OP-
PONENTS.

By Associated Press.
New York, April 28.—Four hundred
Confederate veterans, members of the
local camp, are to be guests of U. S.
Grant, post, G. A. R., on Memorial
day, and from 9 a. m. until late at
night the veterans of the two armies
will mingle.

Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, is
to deliver the oration of the day at
Grant's tomb. It will be the first time
that Confederate veterans have march-
ed with Union veterans in this city.

According to the program the ve-
terans will first parade in Brooklyn.
Thence they will go by boat to Grant's
tomb overlooking the Hudson. Lunch-
on will be served aboard the boat,
and after the exercises the entire party
will return to Brooklyn by water,
where dinner will be served.

The U. S. Grant post two weeks ago
voted unanimously to invite the Con-
federate veteran camp to parade with
the post, and a committee which at-
tended a meeting of the Confederate
Veterans camp has received the ac-
ceptance of the latter.

A Memory Destroyer.
Brown—I have just discovered what
it is that destroys a man's memory
completely. Green—What is it? Alco-
hol or tobacco? Brown—Neither; it's
doing him a favor.

Franz Abt's Companion at Dinner.
Franz Abt, the famous composer,
was strolling home one afternoon to
Brunswick when he met a friend, who
said to him:

"You seem very happy, dear fellow.
Have you heard any good news?"
"Oh, no; I've just taken dinner," was
the reply.

"You evidently enjoyed it. What did
you have to eat?" continued the friend.
"A turkey," replied Abt.

"And how many were at table?" asked
the other.

"There were only two of us," said
Abt.

"Who was your companion?" inquired
the friend.

"The turkey," replied Abt.

The Paint That Lasts.

"RED Seal" Pure
White Lead will
protect and ornament
your house for a longer
time than any other house
paint made.

It pays to buy the best.

SOLD BY

A. M. AVERY.

ENLIGHTENING WENTWORTH

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1934, by Frances Wilson

It was with some misgivings that
Wentworth took the third floor of Mrs.
Manice's house. Had she not told
him that she was almost an invalid?
And when the mistress of a house is
an invalid! He had half a mind to go
back and tell her that he had recon-
sidered; that he feared, after all, that
the rooms wouldn't do. He slackened
his pace, turned, then went on. Per-
haps things would be all right, but a
fellow did so hate household discom-
fort.

On the second morning after his ar-
rival, when he sat like a bewildered
monarch among a piled up, shapeless
mass of books, pictures, tables and
chairs—wondering why under heaven
he had ever acquired them—there came
a knock at his door. At the moment
he was perched upon a stool, smoking,
smoking a short pipe and taking a rest
before he fatigued himself by begin-
ning to arrange things.

"Come in!" he roared, without mov-
ing, expecting to see a servant. Then,
at a slight hesitation on the part of
the person—a hesitation that he felt
rather than saw—he turned toward the
door.

"Oh! Ah! I beg your pardon!" he
apologized with alacrity, laying down
his pipe and jumping from his perch.
"You see I'm a bit flustered. I'm—"

He paused rather helplessly, waiting
for his caller to explain herself, though
he felt vaguely that she was welcome,
though she had dropped from the clouds,
so frank was her gaze, so fascinat-
ing the way the thick hair rippled
away from the low, broad forehead, so
utterly womanly her face.

"Mamma sent me," she explained.
"I'm Miss Manické, and she thought
perhaps the maid and I might be able
to help you out."

She looked about the room inquiring-
ly; then, as her eyes came back to the
new lodger's blank, helpless face, she
caught her lower lip between her teeth,
thus holding back the smile that strug-
gled to escape.

"Have you ever moved?" he asked
renewly, surveying his better skelter
possessions with fresh aversion, and
at the question she laughed out at a
laugh so girlish and infectious that
Wentworth laughed, too, catching for
a moment the point of view from
which his dilemma was funny.

"What the world needs," he went on
plaintively, "is automatic, self arrang-
ing furniture—furniture that, placed in
the room, will adjust itself and save
its owner all trouble."

"That's what we will have when the
millennium comes," answered Miss
Manice gayly, "but meanwhile, if you
really loathe the task of arranging
your things and will leave it to me!"

She paused questioning, while
Wentworth gazed at her very much as
if she were the straw and he the
drowning man. Again her face dim-
pled.

"You wouldn't—not really?" doubt-
ed he, with the shamefaced air of a
person who has taken a palpable jest
in earnest.

"I'd just love it—that is, if you think
I can arrange the room to suit you.
You might give me a general idea of
how you like things, and—"

Wentworth cut her short.
"If you can give it something of the
look of that little drawing room of
yours," he said warmly, "I shall be
more than satisfied. The fact is, you
have saved my life," he finished candi-
dly.

"Wait until you see the rooms," she
cautioned as they parted, he to go to
his office with a burden off his shoul-
ders and she to confide to her mother
as she got into a great apron that cov-
ered her from neck to ankles.

"He seems a nice, grateful lodger
man, mother mine. Perhaps it won't
be so hideous to have a stranger in the
house after all. And think of the mon-
ey!"

When Wentworth opened the door
of his sitting room that evening quick
approval flashed into his eyes. All the
inanimate objects that had huddled
together so incongruously in the morn-
ing, as if there wasn't an ounce of
self respect among them, now faced
him with serene dignity, once more
clothed in the beauty for which he
had bought them.

Awestruck at such insight, he passed
into his bedroom, half fearing that
here the charm would be broken, that
convenience would have been sacri-
ficed to "looks" and that he would
have to dive into a pocket nailed to the
closet door for one slipper and then
dive again for the other. At the sight
of them standing openly and demurely
beside the fireplace Wentworth voiced

the highest praise to be spoken of wo-
man.

"Bless her heart!" he said softly.
"She ought to be a bachelor's wife!"
During the three months that fol-
lowed this conviction grew more and
more fervent. His admiration for the
skill with which Ethel Manice (at other
times a merry, companionable girl)
ran the household, reducing friction to
the minimum, making life a continual
joy, grew into a sort of religion to him.
And it was something of this sort
that he said to her one night, scarce
knowing that he was saying it and
adding to it a humble request that
she marry him.

She looked at him oddly for a mo-
ment. Then she laid her hand upon his
arm and said half kindly, half mock-
ingly:

"What you want is a housekeeper,
Mr. Wentworth, not a wife." Then, a
little more earnestly, "Please let us
not remember." And Wentworth, feel-
ing irreverence! Still I am not alto-
gether astonished. Miss Catherwood
interrupted, raising her eyes to the
ceiling. "Now, if you please, we will
be going. Miss Lane, sell my chrys-
anthemums over again—and don't forget
to add what they fetch to the amount
of my original donation."

"Unless you buy them yourself, no-
body will," Margery said, with a smile
of infantine malice. "They are so big
and dull and bricky red everybody has
sniffed at them. Indeed, Mr. Sams-
on told me when he fetched them in, 'Pa-
mela Catherwood is your one chance
for these.'"

"Indeed!" Miss Catherwood was so
near apoplexy she could not get beyond
the word. "I'll give you a dollar apiece
for them," she said, "and you can send
them straight to the Home of the
Homeless." Then, with a hissing shriek:
"Girl, where is my purse? I had it a
moment back—and laid it right there
under your hand!"

"Yes, I saw it," Margery said, bur-
stling turning about masses of blue-
somy green. Miss Catherwood watch-
ed her suspiciously, crying jerkily all
the while: "My purse! Gold mounted,
the clasp set with diamonds, and a
hundred dollars! What have you done
with it?"

"Hush!" young Warwick said imper-
iously, making to lead her away. Peo-
ple were gathering, staring, listening,
craning necks, to see all about.

Margery fell all her hands, saying
quietly, "It is not here."

The words took away Miss Cather-
wood's last vestige of composure. With
a plunging lurch she overset the flower
table, clutched Margery by both shoul-
ders and shook her head, hissing out:
"You! You little bold faced thief!"

Stunned silence for a breath; then
babel broke loose. Suddenly some
one cried, "Miss Catherwood, there's
your purse tangled up in the lace and
set on your hanging sleeve!"

Miss Catherwood raised a massy arm.
There, true enough, the bangle gleam-
ed. With one gasping look at Mar-
gery's set, white face, she fell all in a
moaning heap at the feet of the girl
she had accused, in her fall jarring
down a big lantern and overturning it
amid the rubbishy decorations.

Instantly there was a threatening
flare. The flames ran leaping venge-
fully toward the groveling woman. If
she breathed them once she was lost.
Margery stood over her, her slight fig-
ure outlined against a heavy rich hued
rug. Before another hand could be
raised her arms went up, she tore the
rug loose and, holding it banner-wise
around and above her, dropped and
smothered with it the flare at her feet.

An hour later Dr. Archer was saying
as he patted Margery's burned fingers:
"Little girl, it was a heap more than a
life for a life. You thought only of
your enemy, but you saved your friends
as well. If the fire had gained head-
way every home in Eppington might
be in mourning."

"I'm not trying to pay you, Margery—
money cannot do that," Miss Cather-
wood supplemented from the depths of
her easy chair. "But you shall be my
helress to prove you truly forgive me,
and you shall marry Melville Warwick
to show riches make no difference in
a true woman's love."

The Head of More.

When the wise and witty Sir Thom-
as More was beheaded his head was
stuck on a pole on London bridge,
where it was exposed for fourteen
days, much to the grief of his daugh-
ter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to
secure it.

"One day," says Aubrey, "as
she was passing under the bridge, look-
ing at her father's head, she exclaim-
ed: 'That head has lain many a time
in my lap. Would to God it would fall
into my lap as I pass under!' She had
her wish, and it did fall into her lap."

Probably she had bribed one of the
keepers of the bridge to throw it over
just as the boat approached, and the
exclamation was intended to avert the
suspicion of the boatmen. At all
events, she got possession of it and
preserved it with great care in a leaden
casket until her death, and it is now
inclosed in a niche in the wall of her
tomb in St. Dunstan's church, Can-
terbury.—Notes and Queries.

Laughter and Worldly Success.
"Speaking of laughter, I have often
wondered if the laughing man and the
laughing woman really get along bet-
ter in the world than the man and
woman who do not laugh, or if they
laugh at all merely grin at some
amusing thing," said the observant
man. "I do not know, I am sure. Of
course you will find that men and wo-
men of both types probably in your
own acquaintance have been able to
get along fairly well in the world.
Laughter is no doubt good capital in a
great many instances. It is equally
true that the grim face, the sour look,
I may say, has often proved a valuable
asset. There would seem to indicate
that there is a time to laugh and a
time not to laugh."—New Orleans
Times-Democrat.

A HAPPY MOTHER

WEATHERFORD, TEXAS,
May 14, 1934.

Before my baby was born I was in great
misery. I was just able to be about but just
as soon as I began to take Wine of Cardui,
which had been recommended to me, I felt much bet-
ter. In fact I feel that if it had not been for
this medicine I would not have been strong
enough to live through childbirth. But that
was made comparatively easy by taking your
medicine for four months before baby came.
Wine of Cardui restored my health as I took it
two months afterward. I cannot speak too
highly of Wine of Cardui and I am glad to en-
dorse it.

Mrs. C. E. Wood
TREASURER, YOUNG MATRONS CLUB.

Wine of Cardui is a powerful tonic
which acts on the generative organs of
women, regulating menstruation and giv-
ing tone and strength to the organs which
inflammation and weakness have affected. It cures nineteen out
of every twenty cases of bearing-down pains or ovarian trouble.
Wine of Cardui cures barrenness and aids the mother in
conserving her strength for the ordeal of childbirth. After that
event the Wine prevents dangerous flooding and helps mothers to
quick recovery. Wine of Cardui is the one medicine a mother
should use before and after childbirth.
All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

"THE BEST IS WHAT WE HAVE"

Fox River Butter!

..That's All We Sell..

THE BEST!

ROSENAU & GERELDS

The Fancy Grocers,

Phone 391. Pensacola.

It Is Very Conclusive Evidence

that shoes are being sold here at prices that appeal to
the public by the way

People Are Carrying Off Our Oxfords

But, then, there's a reason. Our Oxfords are made by
shoemakers who have made the study of shoemaking
their sole work in life so that the shoes fit perfectly and
comfortably the human foot in all its forms. Shoes here
for the family, for everybody at \$2.00 to \$6.00.

SUMMER HOSIERY—15 to 50 cents.

THE BOSTON SHOE STORE,

Phone 690. 117 S. Palafox Street. Pensacola

IF WE HAVE IT, IT IS THE BEST.

WE ARE PARTICULAR ABOUT

FRESH GROCERIES, TELEPHONE ORDERS, PROMPT DELIVERY.

So if you are at all particular about the things you eat, and the
prompt delivery of same, we can please you.

PURE FOODS MEAN GOOD HEALTH.

Sol Cahn & Co.

The Pure Food Store. The Store that Feeds the People.

Phones 178 and 480

Ribbon Ties

are the considered the correct style in Footwear this season. We
have an abundance of kinds in tans and blacks, light or heavy
soles, plain or shiny leathers, and with comfort in every pair—\$2.50
to \$5.00.

Children's Shoes

Shoes our hobby. We know how to fit them; then, we have
such pleasing styles for them.

GRACIOUS!—WE SHOULD BE THE LAST TO COMPLAIN
ABOUT PARTICULAR BUYERS. YOU SHOULD HEAR WHAT
THE SHOE MANUFACTURERS SAY OF US.

Hosiery

The largest and most complete stock in the city. All the new
weaves and latest colorings. Laces, Gauzes in solid colors, or a
varied assortment of fancies. We have them for ladies, men, misses,
children, boys and infants, 10c to \$2 pair.

COME TAKE A LOOK—BUY IF YOU PLEASE.

Meyer Shoe Co.,

Feet Furnishers For Folks,
102 South Palafox Street, Pensacola.

An advertisement in The Journal is a
first-class investment.



A modest and dainty summer gown of light blue lawn, trimmed with
white lace yoke, insertion and rucks. A smart and effective "suspended"
girdle is made of light blue satin and ribbon.